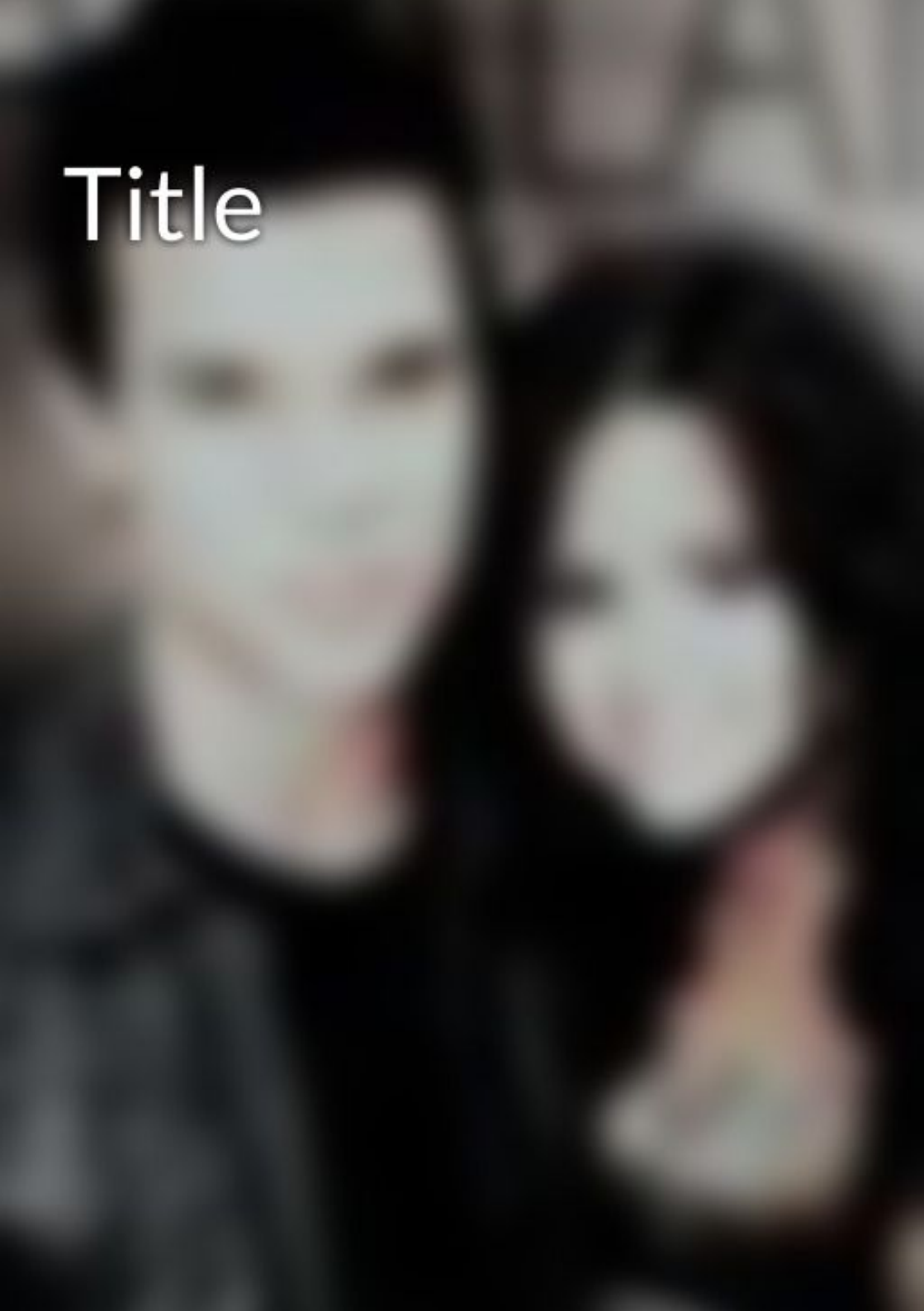
Title

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Title

By TaylenaLove97

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Chapter 1

wick'd♥ 1

Hey guys this is my first story!!. I'm s so excited since i'm new here.I worked really hard on this so please,please tell me what you think about it. Comment,Vote,Or Add Me As A Friend. And If You want you can message me cause i will reply back.Enjoy!!

♥ 1

Selena's P.O.V

Her perfume trailed into my room as she walked through the hallway and towards the front door. Another date I sighed heavily,tossing my head back onto my pillow.Why couldn't she be happy with

herself?. She was constantly seeking the compainonship of a man to make her feel better. I rolled my eyes, shaking my head as i turned to lay on my side.

"Bye, Sweetie," my mother called before shutting the door."Bye. mom," i breathed to myself. Ever since my dad filed a divorce. She's been on a constant hunt for my new 'Step Father'. Good luck with that. Mom.

Morning drew to an open causing the sun's rays to beam through my window. Oh, joy. Since i knew there was no hope of me drifting back to sleep, i rolled out of bed and sluggishly walked towards the bathroom. "Morning, sweetie," my mother beamed as she walked by me with a laundry basket. Well her date went well last night. By the time i was showered and dressed. Breakfest was already on the table. "Okay this is weird," i lowly breathed as i inched towards the table. "Guess what, honey?" she smiled, placing eggs onto my plate. "You hit the lottery?" i smiled sarcastically. She rolled her eyes, dropping more eggs onto my plate, "No".

"Mom, that's enough," i giggled, placing my hand over my plate. "I met a guy," she grinned, setting herself down across me. I placed my fork between my fingers and scooped some scrambled eggs onto it. "Mom, your always meeting guys." I shoved the eggs into my mouth. I looked over the rim of my eyeglasses "What?"

This is selena in her glasses

http://surfme.files.wordpress.com/2009/04/selena-gomez-twitter.jpg

And this is selenas mom

http://images1.wikia.nocookie.net/charmed/images/thumb/7/79/Phoebe.jpg/250px-Phoebe.jpg

She was frowning, her mouth moving slowly as she chewed down on the eggs. "Well, he's different," she smiled, scooping more eggs onto her fork. "How could he possibly be different from all the other jerks you've dated?" i asked with food in my mouth. "Well for starters, he's younger than me," she began. I slowly lowered the fork away from my mouth, "How much younger?". "Fouteen Years," she smirked, her

eyes glistening. "What?!" i snapped. "He's twenty-seven," she continued. Cougar much?. "Mom that's freaking disgusting," my upper lip curled in disgust."Well he's coming over tonight, so just get over it," she snapped.

I jerked my head back as her words sunk into me. Did she just give me an attitude?. Now i really don't like this guy. I looked at the time on my laptop. I t was a quarter to six. The jerk my mom called her new 'Beau' would be arriving soon for dinner. Mom asked me to be on my best behavior and dress appropriately for this so-called 'Dinner'. I promised to try to do my best, Keyword TRY. As i continued to rant wildly in my blog, my eyes caught a glimpse of a black mustang Parking in front of our house. I stared over the rim of my laptop screen, Nearly burning a hole through the window. His dark hair, short and slighltly spiked. Skin, tan and flawless. He was carrying a dozen red roses in one hand while digging his keys into his blazer with the other. Then for a mere second his dark, mysterious eyes caught mine. My face Flushed as i quickly diverted my attention back to the screen.

Shortly after, my mother's voice rang from the bottom of the stairs. Oh boy, here we go....

Hey guys what did you think about the story?

i know there is no cliffhanger but in the second one there will be. i promise

And if you guys don't know what couple im talking about then i'll tell you.

It's Taylor Launter and Selena Gomez.

Heres a Picture of them together if you don't know who they are and what they look like.

http://farm3.static.flickr.com/
2645/3687019110_3ea4305e11_m.jpg

Chapter 2

wick'd♥ 2

♥ 2

I slowly made my way down the stairs, dreading my encounter with this jerk. As I reached the bottom of the stairs, my mother and her beau were reaching the dinning room table. As he sat down, she drifted off into the kitchen with her roses at hand.

"You must be Selena," he smiled, his plump lips parting to reveal his perfect teeth.

I nodded as I lowered myself onto the seat.

"Your mother has told me a lot about you," he continued.

"I bet," I heavily breathed as I watched my finger trace circles against the glass tabletop.

"Well, my name is Taylor," his smooth voice trailed from across me.

I looked up, his eyes sparkled as he smiled, "Nice to meet you," I breathed.

That was a complete lie though. I could care less about meeting a guy that would be out my life in two weeks tops.

He continued to stare into my eyes, giving me a feeling of uneasiness. I tried to blink away, but I couldn't. My eyes were somehow glued to his.

"So...," my mother sang as she returned.

His eyes snapped away, smiling as he looked up at my mother.

"Sweetie, can you help me serve the food?" she asked, turning to me.

I nodded, lifting off my chair and silently heading into the kitchen. I sighed heavily while walking into

the kitchen as my lungs returned to their normal state.

I couldn't wait for dinner to end. I wanted to go upstairs, away from his gorgeous eyes and his delicious voice. From time to time, we'd connect, eyes completely and uncomfortably devoured in each other, but only for mere seconds.

"Sweetie, are you okay?" my mother asked.

I jerked my eyes away to see her looking at my hand. I glanced down, it was shaking uncontrollably.

"I-I'm fine," I stammered, trying desperately to hold it still, "Can I be excused?"

My mother looked at me, reading the uneasiness on my face, "Sure."

My fork dropped onto the ceramic plate, clanking loudly through the tension in the room.

What the hell was wrong with me?! Him, me....ugh, NO!

I threw myself onto my bed, pulling my earrings out of my ears. Get a hold of yourself, Selena. He's old for God's sake!

My eyes began to slowly close...

His lips were hovering over mine, luscious and inviting as his delicate breath soared onto my face. I blinked away as his passionate eyes pierced into mine. His hand shot to my jaw, clenching it loosely as he forced me to look at him. His full lips curled at the right as he sexily smirked at his thoughts.

My body laid paralyzed under the weight of muscular body. His fingers softly traced down my arms, causing tiny bumps to appear with their passing. I inhaled heavily as his fingers knotted with mine. His hands were strong, making mine feel fragile within his. Then he aggressively, yet passionately slammed my hands onto the bed beside my head. I gasped a moan in sinful delight and he hissed hungrily for my taste. His lips neared mine causing my lungs to collapse.

His lips were delicious. Juicy in every way as they tenderly moved against mine. His knees began to dig

in between mine, finding enough room to separate them so he could settle himself between them. I arched my back, pressing my chest onto his as his weight satisfyingly pressed harder against my petite body. His chest banged violently against mine as hot air drew from his nostrils and onto my cheek.

We both moaned through our throats as his hips motioned into me. They continued in a slow, sensuous motion, making his member rub lightly against me through his jeans.

"Excuse me."

My eyes shot open, turning my head to where the voice came from.

"Sorry, I thought this was the bathroom," he blushed, shutting the door as he exited.

I felt my face turn hot as embarrassment sank in

Did you feel the cliffhanger?

I did LOL!!

What do you think now?

Chapter 3

wick'd♥ 3

♥ 3

I sat up, running my right hand through my hair nervously. What the hell was wrong with me? I didn't want his luscious lips or his muscular body. I didn't want to feel his weight on mine or taste his deliciousness. Ugh!

I stood up, pacing back and forth. I continued to glance out of the window in hopes that he would leave soon. My hopes were crashed when I heard them giggling in the hallway.

That night, I couldn't sleep. I sat in front of my laptop, blogging angrily as their moans seeped through the walls.

I hadn't noticed when I fell asleep, but I woke up slumped over my desk with my laptop still on. I slowly sat up as the rays of sun pierced into my eyes, "Ow."

I pushed my hair behind my ears and stood up, realizing I was still in yesterday's clothes. I slipped out of my clothes and wrapped my cotton-terry bathrobe around my body, then heading into the bathroom.

I was greeted, unpleasantly, by the bare, muscular back of this Taylor guy. I froze unwillingly as I realized he was using the bathroom.

He let out a soft groan as he finished up. As he turned to walk towards the sink, our eyes locked.

Move, feet!

"Mornin'," he smiled.

"Uhh," I struggled to find words.

He chuckled, turning on the faucet.

"Hey, Sweetie!" my mother's voice chimed from behind me.

I jump slightly, jerking my head in her direction.

"What are you doing in here?" she asked as she leaned against the doorframe.

I scratched the back of my head violently as I tried to regain my thoughts, "Shower."

Taylor's head jerked in my direction in amusement as my mother yawned and nodded.

"I'll let you get to your shower then," Taylor smirked as my mother walked away.

"Perv," I breathed lowly.

He slightly laughed, lightly brushing his arm against mine as he walked by. It made the hairs on my arms rise on end as a chill shot through my body. I quickly shook it off, shutting the door and locking it. As I loosened my robe with one hand, I used the other to turn on the shower faucet. The water began to drum against the tub and I slid my robe off my body.

"Sel!" my mother knocked on the bathroom door as I was showering, "I'm heading to the store for a few minutes. I'll be back soon. Okay?"

"Okay," I replied as I stepped out of the shower.

Her footsteps faded down the hallway as I wrapped my robe around my body again. I walked to the sink, turning on the faucet and letting the water run against the head of my lime green toothbrush.

About two minutes later, I leaned over, rinsing my mouth. As I came back up, I saw his dark, passionate eyes staring into the mirror. My breath escalated, my hands trembled, my eyes feared to blink.

His lips brushed softly against the skin of my neck, letting his moist breath crash upon it. My eyelids shut in ecstasy, taking in the warm sensation that ran through my body like lightening.

His lips parted some more and took the skin of my neck between them.

I heard a moan slip through my lips, then the door shut downstairs.

My eyes shot open to realize it was all a figment of my imagination. I bit my lip, in both disappointment and pure lust.

To my dismay, I ran into Taylor in the hallway. He froze in his spot, watching the water drip from my hair to my robe. My bare feet fidgeted against the carpeted floor as discomfort tickled my stomach.

"Your mom went to pick up something at the store," he breathed with a hint of awkwardness.

"Yeah," I nodded, "She told me."

We both continued to stare each other down. Awkward.

"I should get dressed," I blinked away.

"Yeah," he bit his lip.

A few minutes later, I headed downstairs dressed in my shorts and tight, plain t-shirt. I grabbed the remote, flicking the television on and sitting on the couch. In a mere blink, Taylor appeared next to me.

Not again.

Sel, cut it with the thoughts!

I bit my lip, slowly turning my head in his direction. His eyes were glued to the television and he looked almost lifeless. Before I could think twice about it, I attacked. I took his lips in mine, straddling myself against his lap. My hands ran feverishly from his neck to his hair and back down to his neck. My hips rounded circles against his hardening member and his nails dug into the skin of my hips.

In delicious pain, I pulled away from his lips, pressing my forehead against his and breathing heavily into his face. His hand shot to the back of my head and pressed me onto his lips. A moan slipped through my lips as he continued to devour them hungrily.

"Taylor," I moaned as his lips pressed against my shoulder.

His hands pulled me tighter onto his body and I moaned as I felt his member press onto me.

"Selena," he groaned delightfully.

My eyes fluttered open and to my surprise he was still beneath me. I shut my eyes tightly and snapped them open. He was still there.

Chapter 4

wick'd♥ (4-

♥ (4-

My body jerked away from him and his eyes snapped open.

"Shit!" I spat, jumping off him and rushing up the stairs.

As I rushed down the hallway, I was pulled back by my wrist.

"Sel, wait!" Taylor barked.

"Let me go!" I demanded as I tugged my arm away.

"No," he pushed my back against the wall.

His scent drifted into my nose, making my knees buckle beneath me.

"Let me go, Taylor," I begged weakly.

His hand cupped my cheek and forced me to look up at his gorgeous eyes. I quickly shut my eyes, refusing to fall into his trance. His soft lips brushed lightly against my slightly parted ones. I inhaled his breath as I gasped for air.

"This isnt right," I whimpered.

In all honestly, for the first time in my life I felt completely weak.

"Shh," he hushed me.

"No, Taylor," I pushed my palms against his chest.

His hands wrapped around my wrist, pinning them above my head on the wall.

"I want your lips," he breathed against my lips.

My jaw began to tremble, knowing he was going to get what he wanted.

"I'm home!" my mother yelled from downstairs.

He quickly removed his grip from my wrist and stepped away slowly. As soon as I was free, I ran into my room, making sure not to slam the door. If I did, my mother would have known something was going on.

"Where is everybody?" I heard her call from downstairs.

"I'm right here, Honey," Taylor called from the top of the steps.

I dropped onto my bed, holding back my tears of fear. Don't ask me why I was afraid, because truth be told, I didn't know. Maybe it was the fact that I felt like I was losing control of my life, or maybe the fact that Taylor scared me in a weird, delightful way. Either way, I didn't like it.

After I composed myself, I slowly headed downstairs. I didn't want to see Taylor, but I knew I would have to face him eventually.

"Are you hungry?" my mother asked.

"A little," I answered.

She smiled, serving me a plate of food and handing it to me. I walked to the table, setting my plate down and sitting down. Taylor was sitting opposite of me, which felt completely uncomfortable. As I was finishing my toast, I felt his foot trail up my bare leg. My eyes instantly shot to my mother, who had her back against us as she washed the dishes. His foot continued to go higher and I scowled at him. He smirked, pushing his foot between my thighs. I jumped, crashing my body against the table and he dropped his foot. My mother snapped around and I felt my face burn with embarrassment.

"Are you okay?" Taylor asked, smugly.

I nodded, "Yeah, leg cramp."

I couldn't believe what the hell he was doing? Was he insane? He had to be. Yeah, that explains it.

Finally, breakfast was over. I quickly rushed upstairs, isolating myself in my bedroom.

"Sweetie," my mom opened the door and walked in.

"Yeah, mom?" I groaned.

She sat on the edge of the bed," I really want you to get to know Taylor. Give him a chance. I really like him and I see us going far in our relationship."

"Mom, I don't need to know him," I stared at the ceiling.

"I think you do. I'm going to head out today and I want you to spend the day with him," she smiled, "Do it for me."

"No, mom!" I sat up.

"Please?" she pouted.

I blinked sadly, knowing I couldn't refuse.

"Okay," I nodded.

"Thank you, Sweetie," she kissed my forehead.

Chapter 5

wick'd♥ (5-

♥ (5-

Mom was gone and I was home alone with Ricco Suave. I refused to leave my room though. After an hour of staring at the ceiling, there was a tap on my door. My head snapped to the right, staring at the door. It began to inch open and Taylor's head appeared through the crack.

"You're supposed to be spending the day with me," he reminded me, "Getting to know each other, remember?"

"Yes, I remember," I snapped bitterly.

"Well," he walked in and sat on the edge of the bed, "Tell me about yourself."

"Hmm," I sat up and bit the inside of my cheek in annoyance, "I'm eighteen. I like being left alone and quite frankly, you're making my life hell right now."

"Wow," he bobbed his head, "Hostile, as well."

"Jerk," I tossed back.

"You happen to like this jerk," he chuckled.

"No the hell I dont!" I snapped.

"Really?" he asked, sounding unconvinced.

"Fuck off," I kicked his outer thigh.

His hand wrapped around my ankle and pulled me towards him. His body landed on mine and his face hovered centimeters away from mine.

"Get off of me," I breathed into his face.

His thumbs traced my cheeks softly as he stared into my eyes, "You're beautiful."

Fuck. Stupid tingly feeling.

His thumbs then traced my eyebrows as he bit his lip.

"Taylor," I gasped under his weight.

"I wish I could have met you first," he kissed my cheek.

"Stop this," I demanded.

"No," he kissed my cheek again, "You know you don't want me to."

True, but that's beside the point.

"You're with my mom," I reminded him, "You can't do this."

"I know," he groaned, placing his head on my shoulder, "Don't remind me."

"I really think you should get off now," I lightly pushed against his chest.

He groaned childishly as he rolled off me.

"Don't tell my mom about this," I blinked at the ceiling.

"Okay," he sighed, "By the way..."

"Yeah?" I asked.

"I love the way you kiss," he finished.

I couldn't help but smile. I felt my cheeks flush with color as those words repeated in my head. What the hell was going on with me? This was so unlike me.

"So what she we tell your mom we did today?" he asked.

"Hmm," I droned, "Just tell her we watched movies."

He nodded, "We should at least get to know each other a little bit. You know, just in case she asks?"

He was right.

"Favorite color?" I asked.

"Blue. Yours?" he asked.

"Green. Favorite movie?"

"Promise not to laugh?" he asked.

I looked at him oddly, "Sure."

He inhaled heavily and then exhaled, "The Power Rangers movie."

I burst out into laughter.

"Hey!" he frowned, "You promised!"

"Okay," I giggled, "I'm sorry."

He looked over at me, tracing his fingers against my reddened cheek, "Don't be. It sounds beautiful."

I felt my face burn bright red again and I cover it with a pillow.

He chuckled, pulling the pillow off my face.

"What?" I smiled.

I could tell he was thinking about it. I could tell he wanted to do it. I also knew he wasnt going to hold back. His lips crashed against mine and I found myself returning the kiss. After a few seconds, I pulled away.

"Focus," I tapped my hand against his cheek.

He nodded, rolling back onto the bed.

"So," he began, "Favorite food?"

"Tacos," I smiled, rubbing my stomach.

"Fat ass," he chuckled.

"Hey!" I hit him with the pillow, "Not nice."

"I'm sorry, Baby," he laughed.

"Baby?" I repeated.

He looked over at me, biting his lip.

Chapter 6

wick'd♥ (6-

♥ (6-

"Sorry," he said seriously.

I nodded, turning back to the ceiling.

"So what would your mother think if she found out I was laying on your bed?" he chuckled.

"You'd be so dead," I giggled.

"Let's not tell her then," he smirked.

"Deal," I patted his head.

He tilted his head back, snapping his teeth at my fingers.

"Jerk," I scowled.

"Again with the name calling?" he laughed.

"Deal with it, Fucker," I replied, smugly.

"You're lucky you're a girl," he warned me.

"Like it really makes a difference," I scoffed, "You wouldn't do shit anyway."

"You think?" he propped himself up on his elbows.

"I know, Homie," I replied confidently.

His body shifted in my direction and I quickly jumped out of the bed and ran down the hall as I laughed. I looked over my shoulder to see he was trailing behind me.

"You're slow as shit, Jerk," I teased.

He laughed, speeding up. I ran down the stairs and into the living room.

"Gotcha," he breathed into my ear as his arms tightened around my waist from behind.

"No fair!" I laughed, "You're legs are longer."

"Just admit you're slow," he laughed.

"Never," I growled.

"Admit it," his warm breath crashed against my neck.

"Taylor," I moaned involuntarily.

His body became tense, "Sel."

His breath continued crashing against my neck and I arched my back, wrapping my arm around his neck. He kissed tenderly against my neck as I tossed my head bach against his shoulder in delight.

"Why do you do this to me?" he pulled away.

"Do what?" I turned around to see him backing into the wall.

"This!" he pointed down at his crotch.

I looked down then back up, "I'm sorry."

He leaned his head back onto the wall, groaning in frustration.

"Mom would be home soon and she'll help you out with that," I blinked away.

Taylor lifted his head up, frowning at me.

"What?" I asked.

"That was a really stupid thing to say right now," he growled.

"How?" I asked.

"Because!" he yelled and I flinched, "Can't you fucking tell that I want you?!"

"Yes, I can tell!" I barked back, "But I can't help you with that!"

"Why not?!" he pulled me into his chest.

"Taylor, let go," I squirmed in his arms.

"Selena, I want you," his hand trailed up my thigh.

"Stop," I breathed into his chest.

"Sel," he groaned.

I pushed against his chest, making him back slam against the wall.

"Douche, much?!" I growled.

He growled, turning away from me and slamming his palm against the wall, "I don't know what it is about you. I just really...want you."

"Taylor," I breathed, "You're with my mom and this-I motioned between us-cannot happen."

"But why?" he leaned his forehead on mine.

"We can't do that to her," I answered.

"She doesn't have to know," he softly kissed my cheek.

"Taylor, that's crazy! First of all, we don't even know each other and, secondly, how the hell will we get away with it?" I pulled away, folding my arms over my chest.

He fidgeted in his spot, "I know we don't know shit about each other, and I know it seems crazy, but Sel, you're telling me you don't feel what's going on between us?"

"No! I don't!" I snapped.

"So you're telling me you don't feel that warm tingle in your stomacg?" he traced circles on my stomach with his index finger.

Maybe.

"And you don't feel breathless when I do this?" he kissed my neck.

Lack of air? Yeah.

"And that you don't get chills when my hands touch you?" he whispered into my ear as his fingers trailed down my spine.

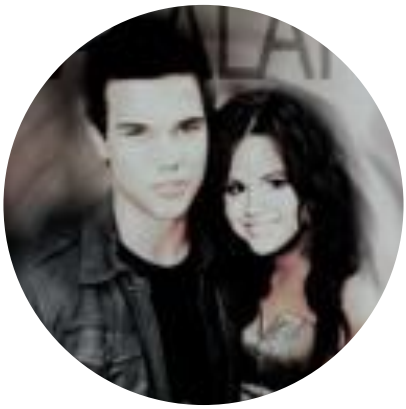
My body trembled involuntarily.

"Tell me?" his warm breath crashed into my ear and my eyes fluttered closed.

His lips pressed softly against mine and I pushed him away, "No! I don't feel none of that shit!"

"Really?!" he pulled me roughly into his chest.

About the Author



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